

THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LESTER FORD, Author of 'The New York School' etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Better go to bed, Madgy," Albert called. "You'll only worry, and it's after three o'clock now."

"I couldn't sleep if I tried," she answered.

Their footsteps died away in a moment, and I heard her close the door of 218. In a few moments she opened it again, and, stepping down to the station platform, began to pace up and down it. If I had only dared, I could have put my finger through the crack of the planks and touched her foot as she walked over my head, but I was afraid it might startle her into a shriek, and there was no explaining to her what it meant without telling the cowboys how close they were to their quarry.

Madge hadn't walked from one end of the platform to the other more than three or four times, when I heard some one coming, she evidently heard it also, for she said:

"I began to be afraid you hadn't understood me."

"I thought you told me to see first if I were needed," responded a voice that even the distance and the planks did not prevent me from recognizing as that of Lord Raltes.

"Yes," she said. "You are sure you can be spared?"

"I couldn't be of the slightest use," asserted Raltes, getting on to the platform and joining Madge. "It's as black as ink every where, and I don't think there's anything to be done till daylight."

"Then I'm glad you came back, for I really want to say something to you," she said.

"You only have to tell me what it is," said his lordship.

"Even that is very hard," murmured Madge. "If—Oh, I'm afraid I haven't the courage, after all."

"I'll be glad to do anything I can," it was—Well, dear, I can't. Let's walk a little while I think how to put it."

They began to walk, which took a weight off my mind, as I had been forced to hear every word thus far spoken, and was dreading what might follow, since I was perfectly helpless to warn them. The platform was built around the station, and in a moment they were out of hearing.

Before many seconds were over, however, they had walked round the building, and I heard Lord Raltes say: "You really don't mean that he's insulted you?"

"That is just what I do mean," cried Madge, indignantly. "It's been almost ten minutes since I heard him say that, and he hasn't said a word to tell me, but he had the cruelty, the meanness, on Hance's trail to threaten that—"

At that point the walkers turned the corner again, and I could not hear the rest of the sentence. But I had heard more than enough to make me grow hot with mortification, even while I could hardly believe I had understood aright. Madge had been so kind to me lately that I couldn't think she had been feeling as bitterly as she spoke. That such an apparently frank girl was a consumptive was not to be thought, and yet—I remembered how well she had played her part on Hance's trail; but even that wouldn't convince me. Proof of her duplicity came quickly enough, for when I was still thinking, the walkers were



"You really don't mean that he has insulted you?"

round again, and Lord Raltes was saying:

"Why haven't you complained to your fathers or brothers?"

"Because I knew they would resent his conduct to me, and—"

"Of course they would," cried her companion, interrupting. "But why should you object to that?"

I preferred to take his advice, and lay quiet while the cowboys gathered. From all directions I heard them coming, calling to each other that the skunk had been killed, and that the boys and other forms of the same information. In a moment I was jerked to my feet, only to be swept off them with equal celerity, and was half carried, half dragged, along the tracks.

ON IRONING A SHIRT.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark N. J. S. M. Man Cured—Speedy Cure by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years and on... I saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did little good... I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment as bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and Ointment. I used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since... U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1904."

Every man and every woman feels the influence of clothes and appearance upon conduct.

Indeed, in a millennium of free clothes of the latest fashion we shall all be archaic.

You have heard of the lonely man in the Australian bush who always puts on evening dress for dinner, so that he might remember he was a gentleman.

Put a naughty girl into her best Sunday clothes, and she will behave quite nicely. Put a blackguard into khaki and he will be a hero.

His One Hope.

"You'll find, my boy," said the wise old man, "that this world is full of quicksands."

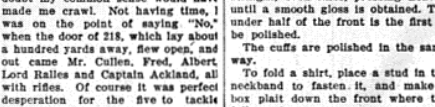
"Do," replied the bright youth, "as I expect to go into the sugar refining business I hope I'll find it reasonably full of get-rich-quick sands."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Beginning.

Knicker—Primitive men plowed the earth with a sharp rock.

Bocker—You don't mean to say you planted that farl—N. Y. Sun.

Some people think that first-class plety is simply a feeling of joy on the third-class passenger on the glory train.



I felt something cold at the back of my neck.

me, if they had been going to bot me alive. I suppose it sounds foolish and if I had plenty of time I have no doubt my common sense would have made me crawl. Not having time, I was on the point of saying "No," when the door of 218, which lay about a hundred yards away, flew open, and out came Mr. Callie, Fred, Albert Lord Raltes and Captain Ackland, all with rifles. Of course it was perfect desperation for the five to tackle the cowboys, but they were game to do it, all the same.

(To be continued.)

Where Man's Influence is Fatal.

Man is the only animal which is always accompanied by disease, except those creatures that are his companions and share his patronage. There is reason to believe that the denseness of the forests, the void, the rivers and the ocean, so far as they escape man's influence, live, with hardly an exception, healthy lives. Chronic ailments begin with man's protection in the dairy, stable and kennel. Man has created artificial conditions with which the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to" are associated. If the human family dwelt in ventilated houses, breathed pure air, lived temperately, with little or no alcohol, and took daily exercise in the open air it would perhaps know little more of gout, rheumatism, cancer, fever, lumbago, dyspepsia, asthma and the host of infectious troubles than do the lower animals.—London Telegraph.

True Churchill Assurance.

Here is a new story about Mr. Winston Churchill. When he was in South Africa as the correspondent of the Morning Post he was lurching with the general and his staff at the bottom of Spion Kop while the battle was raging above. One of the officers bantered the young correspondent on his assurance and success. "No doubt," he said, "you have got no surplus weight, but you owe it all to created conditions that are Randy's son."

"Sir," replied Winston, with his characteristically superb audacity, "the time is coming when Lord Randolph Churchill will be chiefly remembered as the father of Winston Churchill."

Practical Giving.

Joseph Rills has a story of a little lad who gives his shoes for a living. This boy goes to a mission Sunday school and was keenly disappointed when, at Christmas time, his gift from the tree turned out to be a copy of Browning's poems.

Next Sunday, however, the superintendent announced that any child not pleased with his gift could have it exchanged. Jimmie marched boldly to the shop with his.

"What have you there, Jimmie?" "Browning."

"And what do you want in exchange?" "Blackings!"—Harper's Weekly.

Timed

Siern Parent—What time did that young man kiss the pretty girl?—Just when you got home from the lodge, ma returned from her bridge party, and Bridget came back from her night out—New York Sun.

HE WENT ON CRUTCHES

All Medicines Failed Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured His Rheumatism.

"Some years ago," says Mr. W. H. Clark, a printer, living at 618 Buchanan street, Topeka, Kans., "I had a bad attack of rheumatism and could not get on my feet. I tried a number of medicines failed to do me any good, and my trouble kept getting worse. My feet were so swollen that I could not wear shoes and I had to go on crutches. The pain was terrible."

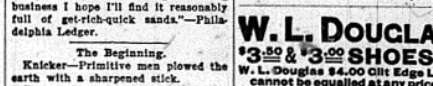
"One day I was seeing the type of an article for the paper telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for a man afflicted with rheumatism, and was so impressed with it that I determined to give the medicine a trial. For a year my rheumatism had been growing worse, but after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I began to improve. The pain and swelling all disappeared and I can truthfully say that I haven't felt better in the past twenty years than I do right now. I could name, off hand, a half-dozen people who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at my suggestion and who have received good results from them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be safe and harmless to the most delicate constitution. They contain no morphine, opium, narcotics, nor anything to cause a drug habit. They do not act on the bowels but they actually make normal and strengthen the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they make rich, red blood and no man or woman can have healthy blood and rheumatism at the same time. They have also cured many cases of anemia, neuralgia, sciatica, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and other diseases that have not yielded to ordinary treatment.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or they will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per bottle. Write for particulars to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schuylkill, N. Y.

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W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.



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W. L. DOUGLAS \$4.00 GILT EDGE LINE
cannot be equaled at any price.

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CAUTION—Insist upon having it printed without his name and print stamped on bottom of shoe.

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